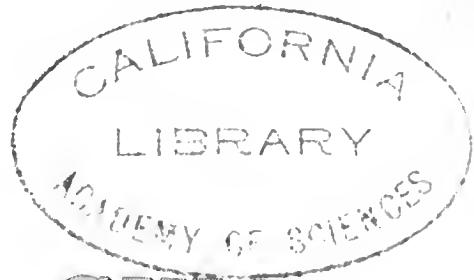


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NUMBER 8

AUGUST MEETING: The next regular meeting of the Association will be held on Thursday evening, 12th inst., at eight o'clock, in the Assembly Hall of the Public Library, corner of McAllister and Larkin Sts. Take elevator to third floor. Car lines No. 5 or No. 19.

The evening will be devoted to vacation experiences, and many of our members will have gathered material for highly interesting accounts. Everyone is urged to attend and to contribute something to the program. Visitors will be made welcome, and the same invitation is extended to non-members who have had an opportunity of observing our feathered friends in action this year.

* * *

AUGUST FIELD TRIP will be taken on Sunday, 15th inst. to Tennessee Cove. We shall not climb to the tops of the bluffs on this occasion, but the party will keep to the lower levels, thus making the walk a very easy one. There will be ample time, however, for those so inclined, to make a side trip to Pirate's Cove, if desired.

Take 8:15 a. m. Sausalito ferry and purchase round-trip tickets to Manzanita, 48c. Bring lunch and canteens, as there is no drinking water at the beach where lunch will be eaten.

* * *

MIGRATORY BIRD REFUGE ACT

Congress has adjourned without taking action on this salutary measure, for which we have argued and pleaded so strenuously, and our vitally important expansion of feeding, resting and breeding grounds is still to be discussed in the future tense, but we shall be justified in entertaining high hopes that it will be brought to a vote in both branches, next Fall, and when this happy event transpires, a favorable result is assured.

The country has been bombarded with much lurid literature by the so-called "Permanent Wild Life Protection Fund," which is expending its energies upon the advocacy of a reduction in bag limits as a panacea for all the ills of game birds, and the administrators of this fund seem unwilling to consider any other remedy until their own has first been adopted. The latest fulmination from this source consists of a sixty-page pamphlet, abounding in statistics which are all assiduously interpreted to support the author's views, and liberally interlarded with aspersions upon the good faith of the Bureau of Biological Survey, the American Game Protective Association, and anyone else who may happen to differ with him.

To the innocent bystander, these statistics would appear to be loaded at both ends. For instance, it is stated that, in Virginia in 1922-3, 78,410 hunters shot 131,000 game birds, of which some 51,000 were ducks, so that the hunters of Virginia during this season, secured an average of less than two birds each, and an average of less than two-thirds of a duck. The federal bag limits on ducks, rails and other birds are 25 per day and the pamphlet demands a reduction to 15 per day.

There is no indication in such figures that a reduction in *bag limits* would materially affect the total slaughter, for if any considerable number of gunners shot the limit, there would be no birds left to induce approximately 75,000 other gunners to take out licenses and waste their time with nothing to show for the effort. These figures *do* plainly indicate a supply of birds utterly inadequate to furnish shooting for over 78,000 gunners, and the remedy for that is to breed more birds or to cut down the number of hunters. As it is impracticable to discriminate between those wishing to hunt, the Migratory Bird Refuge Act seems to offer the most helpful solution, in furnishing additional suitable habitat and sustenance, to counteract the effect of the reclamation projects which have robbed our waterfowl of so large a proportion of the territory which is essential for their propagation and support.

A. S. KIBBE.

* * *

A FORENOON AT THE CLIFF AND CHAIN LAKES IN JUNE

Just a hurried visit, endeavoring to exhibit choice bits of San Francisco to one of those Eastern folk who squander two whole days thereon.

The first treat presented Brandt cormorants in all stages of nesting on one of the Seal Rocks; Father Brandt bringing large and small fragments and streamers of sea weed to mother, who carefully worked the same into the nest structure and fitted it to the contours of her body.

About one hundred California brown pelicans were roosting there, together with many Western and Heermann gulls.

Thence, hurriedly, to First Lake, where ruddy males performed their courting antics for the benefit of, I should say, interested females and incidentally, of ourselves. Each with his bill raised to heaven, head feathers standing out, body riding higher than usual with his breast puffed out, would strike it several times with his bill, then dip his bill into the water with a peculiar grunting note, which perhaps might be interpreted as a love note. Six males were performing this way to six of the opposite sex, and these latter would dive repeatedly, then rise and pair off again with their respective adoring swains.

Mother mallards were protecting their young from the onslaughts of marauding coots, whose own babies were sufficiently grown to take care of themselves, and yet still kept crying for care and food. Two Anthony green herons flew eastwardly from the centre island.

Quail, Allen hummer, black phoebe and young; purple finch, pine siskin, Nuttall sparrow, junco, song sparrow, San Francisco towhees, yellow warbler and young, a salt marsh yellowthroat pair, (which came without our hunting them), pileolated warbler, chickadee, bush-tit, and a russet-backed thrush, contributed to our pleasure there.

Our lake visit over, came a trip to the tea-garden, and, through the cold, foggy, San Francisco wind, came the clear, defiant call of the olive-sided flycatcher, and into the quiet of the tea garden, a spotted young robin, only just graduated from its mother's course of training, winged its way.

BESSIE W. KIBBE.

* * *

BIRD LIFE ON THE NORTHERN PRAIRIES

(Continued from July)

The spring round-up is now on and as I lie out at night, rolled up in my blanket, listening to the countless numbers of waterfowl and shore birds arriving, I begin to wonder whither they are bound and how and why they come back. Having no books and little contact with the outside world, these puzzling questions were left many years unanswered, but some progress has now been made and we are in the way of increasing our store of knowledge through the agency of bird banding. In the days of which I write, the Dakotas were the breeding ground of thousands of ducks and geese, whose young are nearly full grown before they can fly, and so were readily caught in the shallow sloughs. This year I marked about four hundred young by punching a hole through the outer web of the left foot with a harness punch. It was my hope that some of these marked birds would fall to my gun the following year, but in view of the great number of birds and my limited kill, as I shot only what could be eaten, I should not have expected that good fortune.

Early in June the upland plover appears in great numbers and seems to be everywhere. To me, they are the daintiest of all the waders, with their soft, mellow, long-drawn whistle, their graceful motions and pretty pose when alighting. Their fearlessness while nesting enabled me to mark twelve of them with a brass wire that could be secured at the trading post. These efforts were rewarded by the discovery of one of my marked plover the following year, nesting in practically the same locality.

This same year I marked thirty young hawks, four of which I had raised as pets, having taken them from the nest when about ten days old. They were about equally divided between Cooper hawks and prairie falcons. The pets were Coopers. The following year two of the pets returned, one of them so tame that he could be handled, and this bird nested within one hundred yards of the house for the next five years. This year I trapped about two hundred hawks, using traps woven from willow cuttings, which were left in the vicinity of a hawk's nest for a few days, so they would become accustomed to it, after which they were baited with a live flicker-tail gopher. In finding their nests, I would make use of a pack of wolf hounds, after determining an approximate location. The number of marked birds thereafter secured from this batch was eight, without counting the two pets. The method of marking was to saw a piece of buffalo horn near the tip. These horns had lain out for years and they made a band not only light, but permanent.

By roping from a horse, I have captured numerous sandhill and whooping cranes before they could fly, but I never succeeded in marking either of these species, as they all developed a strong distaste for being led and I was never able to capture one near the ranch house.

THE GULL

Although a fair number of white pelicans passed in the spring migration, only a few nested, and these not regularly, which is unusual, for colonies of these birds commonly nest year after year on the same ground. One year, four pairs of pelicans nested and hatched nine young of which seven grew to maturity, and just before they were able to fly I drove them into a corral and marked them on one side of their pouches with the Sioux hieroglyph signifying the particular tribe of the locality, and on the other side with the ranch brand, a circle surrounding a letter X. This marking was done with red, blue and green dyes, made by the Sioux medicine men for marking faces when children, and which persists throughout their lives. I believe that the pelicans were permanently marked, also, although an Indian's face is never washed, while the pelicans wash their pouches frequently. The following year, sometime late in September, one of these pelicans was shot near Yankton, in the southeast corner of the territory, approximately 250 miles away, and as all brands were registered, the party mailed to my father the brand cut from the pouch, but owing to the fact that we received mail only four times a year, it was early in the following summer before this notice was received.

CARL R. SMITH.



JULY FIELD TRIP was taken on Sunday, July 11, to the Campus of the University of California. A leisurely stroll begun at Center St. was terminated at noon at the Stadium and an effort was made to make an approximate census of the birds encountered. Though the nesting period was nearing its close an occasional Song Sparrow, Grosbeak, Robin or Thrush burst into song and one belated pair of Warbling Vireos took turns sitting, the male relieving the tedium of the task by singing on the nest.

The numbers given below are conservative and many sections of the campus were untouched: 1 California Quail, 2 Willow Woodpeckers, 1 Red-shafted Flicker, 4 Anna and 2 Allen Hummingbirds, 10 Western Flycatchers, 4 Coast and 11 California Jays, about 30 Brewer Blackbirds, 4 Purple Finches, 22 Linnets, 5 Green-backed Goldfinches, 1 Pine Siskin, many English Sparrows, especially about the buildings with tile roofs, 8 Nuttall Sparrows, 11 Pt. Pinos Juncos, 1 Rufous-crowned Sparrow, 4 Santa Cruz Song Sparrows beside many young hidden in the shrubbery, 9 Spotted Towhees ditto, 14 Brown Towhees, 8 Grosbeaks, 5 Warbling Vireos, 4 Lutescent Warblers, 4 Plain Titmouses, 10 Bush-tits, 8 Wren-tits, 4 Russet-backed Thrushes and 19 Western Robins. Twenty-eight species.

Members in attendance: Mesdemoiselles Boegle, Fritts, Thomson; Mesdames Ames and Parry; Messrs. Elmore, Goodman and Parry. As guests, Mesdemoiselles Brostwick, Cohn, Gilmore and Hanscom; Mrs. Allen and Master Ames. Eight members and six guests.

AMELIA S. ALLEN, Leader.

AUDUBON ASSOCIATION OF THE PACIFIC

FOR THE STUDY AND THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS

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Meets second Thursday of each month, at 8:00 p.m., in Assembly Hall of San Francisco Public Library, Larkin and McAllister Streets.

Address Bulletin correspondence to President.

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